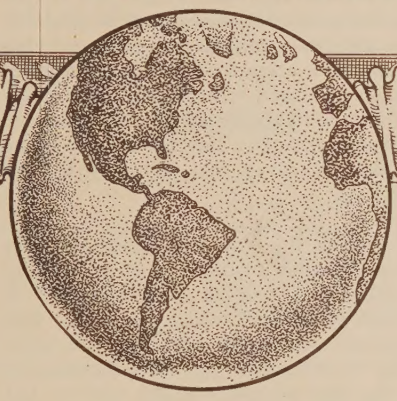
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

July 29, 1922



Pronouns

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We;'"
But I shook my head,
Hid my hands tight behind my back, and said,
Stubbornly, "I."
The Lord said,
"Say 'We;'"
But I looked upon them, grimy and all awry—
Myself in all those twisted shapes? Ah, no!
Distastefully I turned my head away,
Persisting, "They."
The Lord said,
"Say 'We;'"
And I, at last,
Richer by a hoard of years and tears,
Looked in their eyes and found the heavy word
That bent my neck and bowed my head.
Like a shamed schoolboy then I mumbled low,
"We, Lord."

Karle Wilson Baker, in the Survey.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

The malcontents of Europe have yet to learn that assassination is not the road to peace. (*Friends' Intelligencer.*)

υ λ

The law and order people play a very useful part in the state, but their danger is, as with the meticulous pedagogue or housewife, that, being trusted with power, they make rules and enforce them rather with a view to their own safety and protection, comfort and quiet, than for the sake of the people of whom they are only a part. (*Unity.*)

υ λ

During the late war, especially after our government entered it, we heard many discourses in the old spirit, the spirit of those who see the soldier only as one willing to die for his country. But more and more the idea penetrates the common mind that he is also called upon to kill for his country, and that the psychologic aim of all his training for the field of battle is in the line of learning how to kill the most people in the shortest possible time and with the least possible harm or danger to himself. The medals for "bravery in action," stress the fact that it is killing, not being killed, that is the aim. . . . When the emphasis is placed on what one does to others rather than what one suffers from others there is a moral recoil; the more the person has been trained in conserving and helping life the more difficult it is to make the killing of others seem right. (*Anna Garlin Spencer.*)

υ λ

There is a need of the formation of a great freemasonry of all publicists, political men, and teachers of the people, united in the resolve to know and make known the essential elements in current international affairs, to arouse the public to a sense of the importance of these matters to their everyday life, and to support the men more directly responsible for the conduct of foreign policy, with an intelligent, searching, reasonable, and broad public opinion. (*Paul S. Reinsch, in "Secret Diplomacy: How Far Can It be Eliminated?"*)

υ λ

When the Senate acted upon the appropriation bill, and among the increases voted for the Chemical Warfare Section, nothing more or less than a polite term for the Poison Gas Department, Senator Borah charged that both the spirit and the purpose of the Disarmament Conference and all the treaties were being violated. That the "poison gas" movement, "which seems to have our national capital as its center, is a betrayal of the whole fight for disarmament" all believers in peace must sadly, but honestly, agree.

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

How small is the universe to him who knows it all!

* *

All books, like all people, are not good companions.

* *

To wait until all conditions are favorable is to postpone your progress forever.

* *

Know what you know and be sure of it and proud of it until you know something better.

* *

How many are looking upon the sea during these summer days, but how few see the sea!

* *

If the preacher snores when preaching the congregation can not be blamed for sleeping.

* *

The minister in his preaching admitted that he "approved of God," and thereby lost the approval of man.

* *

Too much mustard spoils the sandwich: even so do too much smartness and "pep" destroy the modern book.

* *

We are apt to make a fuss if the marketman puts a rotten apple in our bag; but what about the daily newspaper?

* *

To speak and be understood is gratifying, to be silent and be understood may perhaps be one of the blessings of heaven.

* *

We throw aside enough old garments to clothe in comfort the age in which we live; the same is true of our literature and religion.

* *

Why is it, when the President is doing everything he can to settle the labor troubles peacefully, so many of us pacifists are howling for him to start something radical?

* *

Substitutional Thinking

According to those who oppose the "Theological Seventeen," an organization of ministers in Ohio, as seen by a correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, the time for individual thinking is over and past; all thinking is to be done for the people by a specially selected body of those who, having fallen back upon the so-called "fundamentals," know all there is to know, and perhaps a little more. Any one who departs from the conventional is to be looked upon as an heathen man. These "Seventeen" are to be hunted out of their churches in the good old way of persecution, because they not only think themselves, but they encourage others to think. The modern persecutors are willing to do all the thinking for the rest of us, to fix for us, without effort on our part, the fundamentals and ultimatums. It is a good sign of better times when the "Theological Seventeen" in Ohio, and many other fearless ones, are standing up for the modern spirit, that is intelligent and constructive, that feels that the religion of Christ could not have been in this world so long and not have lifted the world up nearer to his level and his point of view, and therefore the world of to-day is more competent to think than any age in the past. Foundations are good, but save some one build thereon how shall any temple be raised?

What Is a Big Congregation?

There were sixty-five in the big auditorium and they looked small, and the heart of the minister was discouraged, but he had the wisdom of the world, and carefully prepared his sermon so it would be interesting reading, and on Monday morning in the daily paper he preached that sermon to more than thirty thousand readers. They did not all read it any more than all of the Sunday congregation listened intelligently, but he gave all a chance, and some listened and some read. But be it noted that the sixty-five got more than the thirty thousand, because they went to church with a purpose, with minds and hearts responsive, while to the thirty thousand the whole matter was purely incidental. Some read it because they read everything in the paper from habit; some glanced at the heading and thought they would look it over later, which they did not do, and a few read it intelligently, but thought of its message wholly apart from the church, if not apart from their life. And it appears, in the working out of life, that the small congregation in the pews is bigger than the thousands in the newspapers. And yet we believe in publicity as advertising and not as a substitute for the spoken word. The Church and preaching are very personal; they have their own place where they do their work. The business man may get some good write-ups in the newspaper if he advertises generously, but there comes the test of how much

business he does. The Church should keep itself before the public as one of the stable institutions of the community, but the really big and efficient congregation will continue to be the sixty people who are in regular attendance rather than the thirty thousand who are incidental.

The Great Now

Some lose the "now" in the past, some lose the "now" in the future; but the "now" continues with us —new every morning and fresh every evening. Valuing the past as we must, valuing the future as we will, the "now" is the chief factor of both. Which observation, wise or otherwise, may help to center our thought upon the present as the field of opportunity. There are a good many of our people who are living in the past of our Church, and fully as many living in the future, thus sort of scrimping the working personal forces with which we have to accomplish things right here and now. We have a past of which we should be proud, a past which is an asset. We like to dwell upon those heroes of our past who wrought righteousness and truth into the fabric of our Church, for the foundation stones they laid and the temples they built thereon. But all these came to us not as a place of refuge, but as opportunities and instrumentalities with which we were to build a new "now" which was later to become a new past. There are among us those who are seeing visions and dreaming dreams of the glorious future when all shall know the truth. But while we bask in the light of these visions and dreams of what is to be, the palace and workshop of the "now" may get sorely run down and out of repair. None should live entirely for the "now," none should neglect it. Look well to the upkeep of your church which has been left to you as an holy trust; consider well the manning of this church, and equipping it, for it is, for you, the chief factor in that great Church which is to mold and direct the future.

* *

ARE WE READY?

BIG opportunities are to be met by big preparation or big inspiration; the inspirations of the hour are hardly to be depended upon at the moment when required. Wise preparation, adequate preparation and prompt preparation is the only safe method for the average man.

Conditions next fall when the churches are opening may be disturbed or may be harmonious, probably the former. In either case the opportunity for the Church, if the Church has anything worth offering, will be unprecedented. The world has tried war and diplomacy and intrigue and bribery and about everything that is bad, and what have we got? Each evil breeds after its own kind, and there is no repose of the mind, no outlook towards universal peace and happiness. The dream that peace and justice can ever come through an act of Congress or a council of nations, while the people sit back and wait for it, has come to a rude awakening. Congress and council can be no better than the people back of them. What is the use of having our member voting for justice when we in our private business are practising industrial and social injustice? These mighty questions are coming back to the individual for settlement. The time is not far distant when no man can retire behind his Congressman and escape the responsibility for war at home or abroad. The individual is the unit of political, social and religious power. Hence the Church and the opportunity of the Church. The individual is its point of contact with all the tremendous problems which must be measurably solved soon or—the deluge!

To-day men are shirking their responsibility by hitching up with this or that organization which meets once a week and passes resolutions, while the members go back to their own business to run a "skin game" in some form. How are we to expect the representative to be better than the principal?

The world is in an unsettled condition not only politically and socially, but religiously. There are many devoutly religious people to-day who, for the first time in their lives, are questioning seriously why their technical religion does not match up better with the facts of life. The preacher talks about the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and straightway we go forth and slay our brothers. We learn about the gentleness and unselfishness, even unto death, of the Master, and go forth to beat the other fellow. Here are complex and mysterious doctrines which we stand for, but they will not work. So there must be new adjustments of religious faith, to correspond to religious life. People are getting restless under the contradictions they must endure.

There is coming a time when mankind will demand for use a religion that will work, that will not confuse and stun the noblest mental activities and social aspirations, that will not contradict the reverent conclusions of science, and that if believed will not break the hearts of those who believe.

Where is there to be found such a religion? Recently a Baptist brother has announced that the only thing that will save the world in the coming crisis is the Baptist theology, and so far as the Baptist theology is simply the heart of the New Testament, he is right. But it appears to some that a simpler form of religious truth appears in the liberty and restraint of Universalism, which offers refreshment to the open mind and responsive heart, and holds in itself an adequate religion for the supreme worship of God and service to man.

Now, therefore, the great opportunity for the Universalist Church is now, or just ahead of us. We have the very goods the religious world needs; are we big enough to put them on the market in such a way that they will be taken? The opportunity of the Universalist Church is at hand. Are we ready? In the next year the greatest demands we have ever known are to be put upon us, to equip our cause in every possible way for every possible service. Never did there rise before us such a magnificent opportunity. It is worth, and worthy of, our most sacrificing and most cheerful effort.

Our fathers did much with no equipment and with meager opportunity. What are we to say in view of the call of the hour? We are preparing for the greatest campaign in our history, and we want you to follow it in detail as it is unfolded in the *Leader*. Meanwhile get ready for something big, for something big is coming.

The Papers of John Pererin

XLIV "McConnachie"

I WONDER whether you have heard of McConnachie. If the report be true, he is a very important person, and we owe him a good deal. Perhaps you read about him in Sir James Barrie's (or J. M. Barrie's as we best know him) rectorial speech at St. Andrews. In case you missed that very delightful and exhilarating overflow of the Barrie genius, let me tell you what he says about McConnachie:

"McConnachie, I should explain, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself—the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearth-rug among the harsh realities of the office furniture, while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I shouldn't mind him doing that, but he drags me with him." And later in the address, he tells us that it is McConnachie who writes the plays.

Now we all know our Barrie; and we have discovered that when his touch is lightest, his thought is deepest. For instance, he says somewhere—in "The Little White Bird," I think—that "the God that little boys say their prayers to has a face very much like their mother's." That, we say, is a pretty thought; but look at it again, and you will discover that he has turned into poetry more of the Gospel than the theologians ever got into the creeds. And "McConnachie" is Mr. Barrie's way of saying that man shall not live by bread alone, that there is something in us that has a wing. For each one of us has his McConnachie—not perhaps a McConnachie that goes singing through our minds for many days, but a real McConnachie nevertheless. When one is through with the day's work and shuts out the clamor of the streets, in the quiet of one's own familiar chamber, one hears a faint flutter, flutter, as of a poor broken wing. Well, that is McConnachie, *your* McConnachie reminding you that he is there and trying to fly where he belongs. Sir James Barrie's McConnachie does what he likes with him; but most of us keep McConnachie under severely. We won't stand any nonsense from him, for he is apt to be a nuisance in the office and in the market place. He rather distracts the mind from the price of eggs and the rise and fall of Standard Oil. And the poor fellow has been so sat upon through the day that all he can do is that tiny flutter you sometimes hear when the lights are out. Yet McConnachie is the most important part of you, after all; and he has a secret worth more than all the inside information that is so useful on the stock-exchange, or all that crusted worldly wisdom which you and I so deplorably mistake for the truth of life. And I will give you—if you will take it—a piece of advice that is worth more than rubies, more than all the gold of Ophir and Klondyke—for it is one ultimate piece of wisdom that will stand when all the subtleties and sophistications that pass for common sense and intelligence have shriveled up into the contemptible little lies that they are—and it is this: Do not sit upon McConnachie, give him a man's chance.

For McConnachie is that part of you that God made on His own image. You do not see him when you look at your face in the glass. But he is there, unless indeed you have wholly strangled him. For that is unfortunately possible. If you can hear that flutter in the silence of the night-time, cherish it, encourage it; for it is your one link with the world where you really belong. That tiny flutter, that faint beating of a broken wing, is a signal which your true self is sending to that invisible City of God where your true home is. It was the McConnachie in Sir William Watson that once sang:

> "So between this starry dome
> And this floor of earth and seas,
> I have never felt at home,
> Never wholly been at ease."

Beware of strangling McConnachie. If you will give him a chance, he will take you where you belong.

A little time before Sir James Barrie had spoken at St. Andrews, Mr. John Masefield had also delivered a very remarkable address at Aberdeen. "Life," he said, "is infinitely more mysterious than anything you can say. You can not probe its mystery. You know nothing about it. Then you will be filled with despair. Then you will turn again to your work. You will realize that somewhere outside life there come gleams and suggestions—a kind of butterflies floating into this world from somewhere. You make yourself the determination that you will follow these butterflies of the soul and find that you will come at last to some country that is quite close to this life of ours. You will be able to enter it and make it visible to the rest of mankind and then you go on in that faith." Now here is Mr. Masefield too saying "that man shall not live by bread alone," but by a kind of butterflies that float into this world from somewhere. And this really tells you what McConnachie is doing when he is flying about with his one wing. He is chasing these butterflies of the soul. "Gleams and suggestions," Mr. Masefield calls them—like butterflies, in many colors. These butterflies are the final realities, between them they carry the ultimate secret of life. It is McConnachie, not I, that understands the serious business of existence. It is not you and I who are the practical people, we who would spend our days grubbing among roots when we might become familiar with the stars, who live in the tumult of the streets when we might hear the music of the spheres, who crawl painfully along the ground when we might mount up with wings. No, McConnachie is the hard-headed man of business after all, when he flies about on his one wing, chasing the eternal butterflies of God. Perhaps you don't believe it. Then, my friend, so much the worse for you.

Now let me make a little confession. I have moments of vanity when I plume myself on being very modern, quite up to the minute as the saying is. And you observe how very much on time I am just now: the latest utterances of Sir James Barrie and Mr. John Masefield. Here they are—as it were—hot from the oven. But all this is as old as the hills, or at least

as old as man. I think it really dates from the moment when a man—whoever he was—first discovered himself, and something inside of him began asking questions—Who are you? Where did you come from? It was McConnachie who was asking these questions. McConnachie is really the oldest man in the world; and the oldest occupation in the world is that of chasing butterflies. For ever since that day mankind has been pursuing an elusive secret. His life is a mystery, as Mr. Masefield says; but in his heart he knows it is a mystery with a meaning. And he finds a hint here and a hint there, and he chases it; and always it leads him to the edge of the world; and all that he knows is that the secret is over there in that uncharted beyond. You have the story of this chase right up to date in the 28th chapter of the book of Job. Men have mined the earth, says this old writer, and they have found silver and gold, and iron and copper and precious stones; but they have not found the great secret. They have done great things on the earth, leveled mountains to make roads, constructed canals and reservoirs; they have scaled the heights and explored the seas; but the sea saith, It is not in me. When men go down to the last dark gateway of death, there is "a rumbling of a distant drum," and that is all. "Destruction and Death say, 'We have heard a rumor thereof.'" So it is to this day. Science, exploration, philosophy, psychical research—they are all so many desperate inquiries for this key of life, long, long searches for the ultimate secret, expeditions that man has made to discover

> The hills where his life rose
> And the sea where it goes . . .

And all because McConnachie will not leave us alone. We have to keep at it. Up he goes on his one wing and drags us with him. And if we protest and say: Look here, McConnachie, this is useless. We've tried philosophy and it hasn't been much help. We have explored the heavens above and the waters beneath; we have even tried the ouija-board, some of us. And we are no further along than Job was. Let us have a rest and go on making money and having a good time. But we can not get McConnachie to see it that way. There *is* a path, he says, which no bird of prey knoweth and the falcon's eye hath not seen; and I'll bring you to it, if you will only let me. But you won't. You sit on me, you clip my only wing, you keep me under; but only give me a chance and I'll show you something. That is what that tiny flutter means that you hear in the cool of the day. It is McConnachie trying to persuade you to go with him along that path that the vulture's eye hath not seen.

And thank God for McConnachie's pertinacity. If you and I pull through on the far shore at last, it will be because McConnachie would not let go of us. Do you remember how he kept his hold of Jacob? When Jacob was going out into the world to carve his fortune, he lay down on the first night of his journey near the little city of Luz, very lonely and tired, thinking a good deal about the old folks at home. And McConnachie took the chance, and he showed Jacob that ladder that led to heaven and the angels ascending and descending upon it. Jacob had seen a glimpse of "that country that is far off," and next morning he was very sober and devout. Then he went on to L-ban's house, and you remember how he prospere. Every year the man grew richer; his silver and h gold and his cattle multiplied . . . and the mar soul was dying within him. And Jacob said, "Let die;" it was only a hindrance, anyhow; it was stan ing in his way. Without that troublesome soul, l would get richer a good deal quicker. But he ha reckoned without McConnachie. One day there w a pitched battle between them, a terrible struggl Jacob had meant to strangle his soul once for all. An he and McConnachie wrestled until the breaking the day. It was a bare victory for McConnachie i the end; and Jacob went with a lame soul the rest this life. But with his soul alive. And the uppe hand with McConnachie; and McConnachie never l him go until he had got him back to Bethel—to sta out all over again and to make his second ventur something less of a failure than the first had beer McConnachie does that kind of thing with us al There is that man—now well on in middle life. H has done very well for himself, as we say; perhaps h has a reputation down town of driving a hard bargain and some of the lines upon his face are a trifle harde than they need be. But he is sitting at home now alone; the curtains are drawn and the city is asleep he goes into his pocket and draws out of its case faded old photograph. His face grows tender; a mis floats over his eyes; and his mind wanders back to hi old mother in the country . . . and he sees all th years between. . . . God help him! You see, it i McConnachie trying to get him, like Jacob, back t Bethel, to the forsaken little altar of long ago; and on of these days he will get him there too. And you hav your altar back there in your life—the day when yo gave yourself to God, do you remember it? Th mountains were tipped with gold; and there was a high light in your eye and a new spring in your step. You'v traveled a long way since then; and the altar ha receded more and more into the dim distance. But you are never safe from McConnachie; perhaps (and please God) I may be stirring him up in you. . . and I hope he will give you no peace until he has driven you back to recover the freshness of that bright morning when you felt the breath of God upon your cheek. . . and like Jacob you make a new start.

And there are other ways in which McConnachie gets at us. Not only does he rake up old memories, as he did with Jacob, but he kindles new ideas, he sends us a stave of music, or he takes us to see a golden sunset; I've no doubt too that he occasionally sends you to church. You never can tell just what he may do. But do not, as the Lord liveth, try to elbow him off. Nay, rather, you would be wise to encourage him. When you feel that flutter in the twilight, when that swift pang of longing for a face beloved but lost comes over you, when you hear a still small voice that makes you rather uncomfortable about something you did during the day, say, oh say, "Go to it, McConnachie, go to it!" And he will take you at your word. And only God in His heaven can tell you where McConnachie will take you. There was a young man who let McConnachie fly away with him, and "I saw" (this is what he said) "I saw the Lord sitting on a throne, high and lifted up." And

perhaps you might see that. And another man was taken by McConnachie to the top of a high mountain, and (he said) "I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven;" and you might see that. Or he may show you what he showed Francis Thompson, that waif who found in London streets the path which the falcon's eye hath not seen, and this is his account of it:

"When so sad thou canst not sadder
Cry, and on thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross,
Yes, in the night, my son, my daughter,
Cry, clinging heaven by the hems,
And, lo! Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesaret but the Thames."

Yes, what you do with McConnachie is a matter of life or death; for McConnachie is that part of you that is in league with the Spirit of God to save your soul and make a man of you.

Out in the Big World

VI Opening Up at Good Luck

John van Schaick, Jr.

THE people who like at all the two or three hundred acres belonging to the Murray Grove Association, and the country around, like them very much. They will fight at the drop of the hat for them. The people who do not like them, dislike them intensely. Nobody that I know of dislikes the spiritual Murray Grove, the landing place of John Murray, the home of Thomas Potter and the old Potter church. On the contrary, people in Orthodox churches who hear for the first time the beautiful story of this coast, say that if they had a tradition like that they would exploit it so that the whole world would know it.

The number of people who love Murray Grove is increasing; the number who detest it is decreasing because the things which they detested are passing away.

They detested a little contracted piazza with nothing to do. Now there is a good-sized hotel, with large porches, comfortable chairs and cheery furnishings.

They detested mosquitoes. It is too much to say that there are none, but it can be said that there is a great improvement. The state of New Jersey is doing a modern, scientific, up-to-date job in cutting ditches from stagnant pools to tide water, and the moment that connection is made these larvae die. Besides, citizens generally are learning to co-operate by draining or oiling their own pools, watching tubs and tin cans which with just a little rain water in them form such ideal breeding places, and reporting neglect to the health authorities. Even in this year of heavy rains, when mosquitoes are breeding again in places where they have been routed previously, all along the Atlantic seaboard, conditions at Murray Grove are much better than they used to be.

They detested having no provision for supervising the play of their children. Now there is an able and charming director of recreation, the daughter of the resident pastor, the Rev. Charles Kramer.

They detested what they called the blue laws—rigid rules about cards and dances and innocent Sunday amusements. Now they have the Ballou House with large porches and comfortable rooms. Joy can be unconfined over there, the goose can hang high, the dance can go on, while old fellows like me can snooze in their chairs at the other place in perfect peace.

They detested having no access to the water. Now a start has been made to make this land-locked coast resort open to the sea.

Here is the real key to the future. There is incongruity in going to the seashore where there is no seashore. There is incongruity in telling over the story of the fish Potter caught and never even smelling fish. There is incongruity in visiting the sacred water where the big *Hand in Hand* came across the bar and never dipping ourselves in those waters. The old sea is there and the salt creeks and bays are there and the beautiful sedge islands are there. The inlet is closed up, but the tides run in another way; the sun still shines, the great clouds still float lazily across the heavens, the sails, even if it is a motor age, still creep up and down the coast, and the old mother sea still calls us or soothes us or blesses us in a thousand other unknown ways just as she did in the days of John Murray.

What is needed is to push vigorously this question of access to the sea.

It is the heart of the story. It was on this sea that Thomas Potter did his life work and made his fortune.

It was the rich treasure of the sea—the same treasure that saved the Pilgrim Fathers from starving—that Potter was cleaning when Murray accosted him. It was an audience of fishermen and sailors and combined farmers and sailors which his messengers got together to hear Murray preach his first sermon in America.

At Murray Grove, therefore, we naturally want to go easily and quickly to salt water.

True, the Potter house is a wonderful old thing to own. That room where John Murray wrestled like Jacob all night in prayer, trying to decide whether he would preach or run away, is a holy of holies.

The Potter church and the Potter grave would make any place where they happened to be a place of sacred pilgrimage.

The noble pines and cedars, the great oaks, the beautiful hollies, the tangles of honeysuckle, the tens of thousands of lovely marsh mallows, are well worth while in themselves.

But as a place of assemblage, of inspirational meetings, of summer rest and recreation, Murray Grove, without real access to the sea, has been a kite without a tail, a locomotive without driving rods, an automobile without spark plugs or gas tank.

These people who love Murray Grove have seen

this. They have built a road through the woods and over the sedge, two miles long, to the bay. Now they are planning for a dock, an amusement pavilion, a bathing beach and bath house, sailboats and motorboats, fishing and crabbing facilities.

I am not prepared to say that they might not better begin to buy a little land near by on salt water, all ready for boating and bathing. I don't know. Some believe that this is the real way out. Such land could be the rendezvous of shore parties. A building could be put up where people could spend the entire day comfortably, giving variety to the life under the oaks and pines of Murray Grove itself. An auxiliary cottage community might grow up there.

At any rate, in one way or another, that fine old veteran school teacher of Reading, so steeped in good literature, ought to have a chance to look out on the water and quote that great passage of Byron she quoted after my sermon on Sunday:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
> I love not man the less but nature more
> From these our interviews . . ."

There are some practical things which people can do to develop Murray Grove. I list the few I see. I do it without authority of the Board. And I suggest that if any one is in doubt what to do he had better write to Mr. E. M. Waller, president of the Murray Grove Association, either at Forked River, New Jersey, or at 6312 North Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and he will advise.

1. Pay or help pay five thousand dollars still due on the new hotel.

2. If that seems like paying for a dead horse (which it isn't) put the five thousand or fractional part thereof into solid land directly on the waters made sacred by Murray, and they run for several miles.

3. Give a thousand or two for a pavilion at the water end of the new road.

4. Give Miss Hattie Miller two hundred dollars for an addition and alterations to the Ballou House, sorely needed for light, air and space for the young folks.

5. Give a hundred dollars for a baseball field.

6. Help buy twenty-five or thirty wash stands with towel racks, so you will have a better chance to wash your hands without giving your feet a douche and wipe without first wiping up the floor.

7. Buy fifty waste paper baskets—big ones, strong ones—for life is a dreary thing without waste paper baskets.

8. Send down a better tennis set or two and extra tennis rackets.

9. And above all, send down that old automobile you don't need and can't sell for much, and see what a bright young mechanic can get out of it for the glory of God, the success of the association and the credit of John Murray.

English Correspondence

IN the ordinary way no newspaper that aims at supplying "what the public wants" would devote much space to a discussion of the general problem of penal administration. Experts in gauging the popular taste in journalism would pronounce it one of the dullest and least attractive topics that could be taken up. Yet recently, for several days in succession, our most sensational papers made this subject the outstanding feature of the front page. Columns upon columns were printed of letters from readers who were evidently in a high state of excitement about it. The question of this country's relations with France, then at a critical stage, seemed to have become a trifling matter by comparison.

The cause of this passionate interest was the action of the Home Secretary, Edward Shortt, in reprieving on the ground of insanity a young man who, after a thoroughly dissolute career, had committed a brutal murder. As it so happened, this reprieve followed immediately after the hanging—in spite of the jury's recommendation to mercy—of another convicted murderer, a hotel pantry-boy of seventeen, who was clearly of less than normal mentality but who could not be certified as insane. The juxtaposition of these two cases aroused a storm of indignant protests. Ronald True was reported to be the son of a lady of title, and it was suspected that his reprieve was due to pressure brought to bear on his behalf by influential friends. Color was given to this suspicion by the fact that an attempt made by the defense at the trial to prove his insanity at the time of the murder had failed. It was only after the conviction that the medical experts whom the Home Secretary had called in to advise him had declared True to be insane. "One law for the rich and another for the poor" was the loud outcry. The administration of justice was coming to a pretty pass when the considered verdict of an English jury could be over-ruled by "Harley Street" (the street in which the leading London doctors have their consulting-rooms).

The affair was raised in Parliament, and Mr. Shortt had no difficulty in showing that it was a muddle-headed and ill-informed section of the public that had raised this outcry against him. He denied absolutely that any private influence had been exerted with the Home Office on True's behalf. He proved that in appointing a committee of medical experts to examine the prisoner's condition he had followed rigidly the course prescribed by the law, in cases where, as in this, the reports of the prison doctors and of the judge who presided at the trial made further inquiry desirable. If he had neglected to do so, he would have been guilty of a flagrant breach of public duty, and, when challenged, would have had no defense. He pointed out, further, that the principle that an insane man should not go to execution had been enshrined in the law of the country for at least three hundred years. It was not affected by the question whether or not he was mentally responsible at the moment of the crime.

The incident illustrates how easily sentiment may

overpower reason in the public mind. It would be unfair to accuse the multitude of protesting citizens of entertaining a vengeful and bloodthirsty "thumbs down" spirit, but it can at least be truly said that their detestation of True's selfish and callous career had worked them up into such a mood that they sought the emotional relief that would come through knowing that he had been done away with. There was also a confusion of thought in the notion that, if the pantry-boy had been hanged when he ought to have been reprieved, that wrong would be redressed by hanging another person who ought to be spared. At the same time there is some compensation in the attention this affair has drawn to the necessity of clearer thinking on some of the general issues involved. What, precisely, is the extent of the authority that ought to be allowed to expert medical opinion? There is a widespread impression that the medical profession has been acquiring of late altogether too much control in such matters as health regulations which restrict personal liberty—a control which could only be fully defended on the assumption that doctors are infallible. The whole question of capital punishment has also been brought prominently into discussion. Is this penalty really as deterrent as is commonly supposed? Not long ago a lawyer was hanged for poisoning his wife. It would never have been suspected that she had died from other than natural causes but for the fact that her husband subsequently attempted to get rid of a business rival by similar means. This led to an investigation and to his conviction for the murder. Now no one can suppose that the hanging of this man can have any effect in deterring other husbands from poisoning their wives. On the other hand, the natural conclusion is that it is a perfectly safe thing to do as long as you are not rash enough to presume on your immunity by pursuing your criminal adventures further.

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Fundamental changes sometimes come about without any advertisement. We have just had an instance in the enactment of the Law of Property Bill. This measure has passed through Parliament without controversy, and has received little notice in the press. But it will work a silent revolution in the English social system. As soon as it comes into operation the ancient law of primogeniture—the cornerstone upon which our county families were founded, and a fruitful source of romance—will disappear. At present, if a man dies intestate, leaving wife and children, one-third of his personal property goes to his wife and the rest is divided among the children in equal shares. But, in the case of real property, while the wife enjoys one-third for life, all the rest goes to the eldest son. When there is no widow, the personal estate is divided equally among the children and the whole of the real estate goes to the eldest son. Henceforth the inheritance of the real estate will follow on the same lines as that of the personal estate. The new law not only abolishes primogeniture, but in other respects places women for the first time in English history on a footing of complete equality with men in regard to succession on an intestacy.

Other provisions of this act will simplify immensely the present system of land tenure, cutting through its intricacies as cleanly as a road driven through a jungle. It sweeps away seven centuries of bewildering technicalities which have enabled many generations of lawyers to amass large fortunes. It brings to an end, for instance, the ancient system of copyhold tenure which has retained so many of the quaint and picturesque attributes of feudal England. It abolishes the historic Statute of Uses, which has been the bane of conveyancing ever since the days of Henry VIII. This revolutionary and colossal bill—it is said to be the longest that has ever passed through Parliament—is due in the first place to the initiative of Lord Haldane, who prepared the substance of it when he was Lord Chancellor, and afterward to the persistence and zeal of the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead (F. E. Smith). Though he is a Conservative in politics, Lord Birkenhead's name will henceforth be honorably associated with one of the most far-reaching and radical reforms in the history of English law.

Another recent change, affecting not law but administration, has by no means met with universal approval. There was a sharp debate in the House of Commons a few days ago on the new Cabinet Secretariat which Mr. Lloyd George has set up. In effect, this amounts to the establishment of a new Government Department, about which Parliament has never been consulted, which encroaches on other Departments, which comes between them and Parliament, and which saps their responsibility. It aggrandizes still further the personal authority of the Prime Minister, whose constitutional position hitherto has been that of a chief among his colleagues, not a master who must be obeyed. The critics of this innovation predict that a Prime Minister's Department exercising a Prime Ministerial supremacy—for that is what it amounts to—will in the long run be fatal to the traditional British doctrine of Cabinet responsibility. The Prime Minister, it is objected, will cease to be a Prime Minister on the English pattern, and will become an American President, but without the American President's direct responsibility to the electorate.

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Such changes as these go far to fulfil the general prediction that nothing would be the same after the war. A few things, however, remain unaltered—the laws of motion, the law of gravitation, the law that two and two make four (to the surprise of some of our economists), the law that you can not get grapes of thorns or figs of thistles (to the equal surprise of some of our political and religious leaders). One might add to the list seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, the procession of the equinoxes, the times and the tides. No, not altogether, for what used to be six o'clock in the morning is now seven—by Order of His Majesty in Council! The Act of Parliament which authorized the King in Council to decree "summer time" comes to an end this year. The change is now to be made permanent by a new bill which has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by 207 votes to twenty-six. This majority is fairly representative of popular opinion after seven years' experience. The city populations are enthusiastically in favor of

"summer time," as greatly increasing their opportunities of open-air recreation during several months of the year. The farmers, on the other hand, have not slackened in their opposition to it. The Government proposes to conciliate them by knocking off at least three weeks at each end of the period. This concession has generally been ill received, as the chief motive of the farmers is alleged to be the desire to avoid paying overtime wages to their laborers. The policy of giving special privileges to the agricultural interests has already, it is urged, been carried too far. This controversy is one of many signs of the recent growth in England of somewhat strained relations between town and country.

Chief Justice Taft has received a cordial welcome, which would, perhaps, have been more spectacular if his visit had not happened to synchronize with the return of the Prince of Wales. His personality and career have been the topic of many columns of friendly comment in the press. If he has read them all, his countenance must occasionally have relaxed in an unusually broad "Taft smile." One biographical sketch states that he was in charge of the construction of the Panama Canal. But the gem of the collection is this: "There is no Presidential election which we remember better than that in which he fought and defeated his old political colleague, Roosevelt."

London, June 22.

Gandhi and the "Miracle of Non-Violence"

Blanche Watson

"Non-violence may be said to have succeeded only when we show the miracle of non-violence to the many; the miracle can be performed only with quiet, with peacefulness." (*M. K. Gandhi.*)

NEVER in the history of the world has it happened that a prophet of a new political and spiritual idealism has had during his lifetime such a following as has Mahatma Gandhi of India to-day. This man has brought into politics a new and unique alignment, and into the domain of war a new explosive, a most powerful explosive, which he calls "soul force." Some one has said of him, "It is becoming increasingly evident that Gandhi is one of the great characters of history—one of those 'pale thinkers' whom Emerson described as being let loose on this planet now and then for its purification." But the Mahatma is more than this. He is the recognized leader of a resurgent Asia, and of an India reborn, for India's present unrest is but part of a great continental movement, a stupendous spiritual revolt of nearly a billion people against materialism—a materialism that found tragic demonstration in the great war.

Six hundred years before the Christian era and a century before the advent of Buddha, Lao-Tze, the venerable Chinese sage, preached the doctrine of non-resistance, summing up his thought in the fine words: "The good I meet with goodness; the bad I also meet with goodness; that is the virtue of goodness." Then came the Buddha, who exhorted his disciples thus: "Let a man overcome anger by love. Let him overcome evil by good, . . . the liar by truth." But the classic formulation of the doctrine is to be found in the "Sermon on the Mount"—"Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn him the other also," which is only another way of saying "Resist not evil." Humanity has mouthed these words during the centuries, but it was not till the latter part of the nineteenth century, when Tolstoy attacked the very foundations of the Christian Church, that the world realized the full import of the doctrine of peaceful resistance, or, as he characterized it, "passive resistance."

It was left for this politico-religious leader of the non-co-operation movement in India in the twentieth century to reclothe the ancient doctrine, to emphasize its positive character, and to put it firmly on the plane of practical achievement. But Gandhi has said that "passive resistance" does not give the exact meaning of that upon which the present nationalistic movement is predicated. *Satyagraha, i. e.,* Truth Force, conveys the meaning more correctly, which is soul force as opposed to the force of arms, and better to be described as non-violent resistance. He declares:

> Soul force and force of arms respectively represent forces of good and evil. The Indian belief is that there was in the land a time when the forces of good were predominant. That state still remains our ideal. Europe to-day furnishes a forcible illustration of predominance of forces of evil.

Gandhi visualizes a world free from strife where every people may make its own peculiar contribution to human thought and endeavor. "We must show the world the miracle of non-violence," is his fiat, and non-violence it must be remembered is to him a dynamic force, the power behind the weapon of non-co-operation. And what is non-co-operation? Mr. C. R. Das, eminent Indian lawyer, elected president of the recent All India National Congress, quotes from the words of S. E. Stokes, an American living in India:

> It is a refusal to be a party to preventable evil; it is the refusal to accept any part in injustice; it is the refusal to acquiesce in wrongs that can be righted or to submit to a state of affairs which is manifestly inconsistent with the dictates of righteousness. . . . It is refusal to work with those who insist upon committing or perpetuating wrong.

Mr. Das refers to the criticism that the whole doctrine is one of negation, of despair, saying: "I agree that in form it is one of negation, but I maintain that in substance it is one of affirmation, for we break in order to build; we destroy in order to construct; we reject in order to accept. Indeed this is the whole history of human endeavor. If subjection be an evil then we are bound to non-co-operate with every agency that seeks to perpetuate our subjection."

It is in this spirit that Gandhi says, "*Swaraj* is knocking at our door and by co-operation with the comparatively few Englishmen within our borders

nay it not be we ourselves who are shutting it out?" But behind *Swaraj* must be the *Swadeshi* spirit that is ymbolized more particularly by the wearing of the ational dress made of homespun materials. Therefore, too, the slogan, "*Swaraj* of Hindustan lies hidden n the spinning-wheel," and the new flag bearing that ncient emblem. Gandhi has not only accepted the lictum that "Cloth is King" but he says, "India shall nake her own cloth."

Non-co-operation as practised by many millions f Indians to-day amounts to a complete boycott of verything English—an amplified, glorified boycott hat makes it an act of wrong-doing for an Indian to uy and use anything of English manufacture, to ttend English schools, enter English courts, or accept onors of any kind from the government. All this eing entered into, Gandhi insists, with no spirit of etaliation or of hate, which this leader reiterates shall ave no place in a program that works to the end of elf-discipline—individually and nationally. All this neans that every community must be self-supporting or cloth; that Hindu-Muslim unity must prevail; hat Hinduism must be rid of the curse of "untouchability," that the people must aim for self-purification through the avoidance of drink and drugs; and, last and most important, that non-violence must be religiously observed. It is the last requirement that makes the Indian revolutionary program unique in the history of revolutions. In a recent issue of his paper, *Young India*, Gandhi says:

> The success of our movement depends upon our ability to control all the forces of violence on our side . . . I want India to realize that she has a soul which can not perish and which can rise triumphant over every physical weakness and defy the physical might of the whole world.

In March just before his arrest he said:

> *Swaraj* by non-violence must be a progressively peaceful revolution such as the transference of power from a close corporation to the people's representatives, and as natural as the dropping of a fully ripe fruit from a well-nurtured tree. . . . If we approach our program with the mental reservation that after all we shall wrest the power from the British by force of arms, then we are untrue to our profession of non-violence. If we believe in our program then we are bound to believe that the British are not unamenable to the force of affection as they are undoubtedly amenable to the force of arms.

As Gandhi sees it, violence is *no-raj*, but the non-co-operation program faithfully carried out leads to *Swaraj*, that is to say self-government for one-fifth of the people of the globe. And non-co-operation is simply an organized refusal to help the ruling class to rule; the boycott takes the place of mobilization—love takes the place of bitterness and ill-will! For the first time in the history of the world a great people have set out to win freedom by opposing to the strength of the opposition the willingness to suffer until might shall have been put under foot by right. It is a determined effort to effect a great political revolution without shedding the blood of the enemy. It is fighting in Christ's way rather than Caesar's. This "saint" who says frankly that he is trying to put religion into politics, teaches that spiritual strength is the manifestation of fear and hate, which are disintegrating forces. He argues:

> Non-violence may be said to have succeeded only when we show the miracle of non-violence to the many. The miracle can be performed only with quiet and with peacefulness.

The gentle Aryan of the East has faith that the long-time gathering rancor of an oppressed people can be sublimated to the heights of renunciation, that the teachings of the Christ can be the guiding star of India to-day, leading the way not alone to freedom for India, but pointing the way to the future peace of the world. If Gandhi and his people can succeed—against what seem to be fearful odds—then indeed the West must again sit at the feet of the East as it did long ago, and learn again the ancient message of love and pity, of tolerance and simplicity, which to-day it is far on the way to forget.

The Forward Look and the Forward Step

The National Convention of the General Sunday School Association Radiates Gladness and Good Interest

THERE were few resolutions but much resolution. The pessimists all stayed at home and so did the shallow optimists. The people who arrived combined common sense with uncommon courage and determination, not overlooking the difficulties of the day and not hesitating to meet them with undaunted spirit.

The General Sunday School Association has had for its special motto during the year a wise quotation from Marion Lawrance, "He who says that a task is impossible is pushed aside by the man who does it." With such faith and philosophy gathered the delegates to the tenth annual convention, which was held in Worcester on July 16, 17, 18 and 19.

The gathering was, as each of its predecessors had been in turn, "the best in the history of the organization." One of the largest Conventions, it was also the longest and the strongest. The attendants came from California, Alabama, Canada, Maine, and all of our intervening territory, the representation being surprisingly general at a time of strikes, rumors of strikes, and all sorts of disturbances. But the spirit of the gathering was the most notable feature, for it was evident that "the people had a mind to work." There were heads with gray hair and heads with bobbed hair and heads with very little hair of any variety, but there could be no doubt that all were filled with high thought and strong purpose. That was why the attendance, in spite of early hours and late hours, and in spite of equatorial weather, was nearly a hundred per cent at every session.

Without a doubt the cordial courtesy of Dr. Tomlinson and his Worcester associates, experienced in hospitality, added greatly to the success of the

Convention. Moreover, the very unusual music furnished by an organist and quartette of rare gift and generosity, inspired and uplifted every listener.

The business naturally centered about the report of the Executive Board, which showed a year with all balances, numerical and financial, on the right side, with ten new schools formed and others in prospect, with philanthropic and missionary offerings of $11,000, with all departments working well, with field work rapidly increasing, and with keen and widespread interest in all advances in education and morals.

The officers were instructed to increase their budgets, and consistently were given, following the eloquent persuasions of the Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood, and the Rev. Harry A. Hersey, one of the largest offerings in the history of the Association.

Expressions new since the birth of the society were common throughout the deliberations—"the project method," "daily vacation Bible schools," "week-day religious instruction." One of the most important actions was that directing the Executive Board to appoint a committee to study thoroughly the matter of between-Sunday training in religion and to report a year hence. The committee is not complete, but Judge R. S. Galer will be chairman and Drs. van Schaick, Tomlinson and Huntley will be members.

The missionary program, as systematized by the General Association, was approved, so that there will now be three principal appeals each year, one for international work in November, one for philanthropy (at present Armenia) in December and one for American work in February.

Dr. Harold Marshall pledged continued and increasing co-operation on the part of the Publishing House and a committee for conference is to be appointed.

A very impressive moment of the Convention came when, after the passage of a resolution in memory of Dr. John Coleman Adams, the assembly bowed in silent prayer, desiring to grow into the spirit of that dear leader and helpful friend.

In spite of business of great importance, the Convention was pre-eminently educational in its purpose. In previous years there had been a few institute periods and group conferences; this year there were many. And what a revelation! "Why, she has *brains!*" exclaimed an eminent clergyman as he listened to one of the leaders. We are just beginning to understand that we have in our ranks some of the ablest and most attractive Sunday school workers in the world. Mrs. Friend, Dr. McCollester, Mrs. Cushing, Miss Markley, Mrs. Manning, Miss Marshall, Miss Crowell, Mrs. Mercer, Miss Freeman, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mr. Ratcliff, Mrs. Galer, Mr. Hempel—these leaders could go into any Sunday school gathering in the country, contribute valuable ideas and reflect credit on their Church. They have brains and they have also warm, human hearts.

Supplementing the institutes was a large exhibit of Sunday school material, the sections devoted to hand-work, missionary enterprise and lesson books being particularly interesting. The people crowded about, "We want to know" being written on all their faces.

The more formal meetings gave the attendants a rare series of thought-provoking and act-engendering addresses. The occasional sermon, by the Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, was on "Religion and the Home," and stated the serious situation and the crying need of the present so strongly and incisively that there was a general demand for its publication. Dr. Lowe won everybody with his stirring appeal for the Perin-Cate Home and the Washington Memorial Church. Judge Galer spoke as a scholar and thinker of "The Church and the Sunday School," leading his hearers to understand better than ever that in the President of the General Convention we have a man of power. Miss Ruth Woodis, already loved by thousands who never had seen her, proved as sweet and charming as had been expected, and gave a touching account of what she had seen in the heart of Turkey.

The one speaker from outside the denomination was the leader of leaders in modern Sunday school work, Dean Walter S. Athearn, of the Boston University School of Religious Education. "Tremendous!" was the unanimous verdict upon the address with which he kept his audience spellbound for over an hour. He spoke frankly as an alarmist upon the subject of "Spiritual Illiteracy and Its Remedy," presenting an almost incredible array of statistics regarding the failure of the modern Church to train the young of America for upright and intelligent citizenship. His statement that sixteen million young people of our country, under twenty years of age, are absolutely untouched by Jewish, Catholic or Protestant influences, is a sample of many which we hope to secure for publication. His remedy is radical, calling for thought, time and money and resulting in a plan for religious development paralleling a greatly improved secular education.

The Convention was made encouraging by the presence and participation of men and women prominent in all the other organizations of our Church. Judge Galer, Dr. McCollester and Dr. Lowe were prominent as speakers, while other officers of the General Convention listened with approval to their words of fellowship. President Hunt of the Comrades served on our committee on recommendations. President Taylor of the Y. P. C. U. and Director Manning (*our* Stanley as much as anybody's) beamed throughout our sessions. Leading members of the Women's Missionary Association gave their blessing and assistance. Truly we have come to the era of co-operation and mutual understanding.

This Convention merged with that of the Young People's Christian Union, many attendants being delegates to both. These two organizations, identical in aim, are growing closer and closer to each other every year. The officers of the Union pledge money for support of the Association and the officers of the Association pledge in like spirit for the Union. This is one of the happiest signs of the times.

There are many of them. Two young lads, with very bright eyes, came from northern Vermont to attend both Conventions. "What do you think of the Universalist Church?" they were asked. "It's going to be *some* Church," they replied. They are right. So agreed all who on Tuesday evening participated in the coronation of a beautiful young boy and girl and cried, "Long live King William and long live Queen Mary!"

The Story of the Gospel of Jesus

The Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D. D.

LONG ago—nineteen hundred years—there arose among the Jewish people of Palestine a singularly strong, wise, tender and heroic soul, devout toward God and on fire with love to men, one fit to be called of the line of those great prophet souls who, appearing from age to age, had made the history of Israel glorious.

Reared in a quiet village in rural, picturesque Galilee, and the son of a humble artisan, he had spent his childhood and youth at home with his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, working with his father at the bench, attending the village synagogue with his parents, learning to read, studying and committing to memory the law of his people, and, not less important, learning the lessons which the hills and the fields, the birds and the flowers and the skies, the simple life around him, and his own heart had to teach. Thus he grew up to manhood, natural, thoughtful, reverent, earnest, his nature unspoiled by the artificialities of the world, his devotion to truth, duty and love spontaneous and perfect.

But a nature so genuine and sincere could not fail early to discover, and to be moved by, the sad side of human life; and a peculiarly burdened, troubled and anxious time it was into which he had been born. His nation had lost its liberty. The foot of Rome was heavy on the neck of his countrymen, crushing down their national spirit and extorting from them the most burdensome and cruel taxes.

Religion, too, was at a low ebb. Public worship, in the hands of an ecclesiastical class, had hardened into a formalism devoid of moral or spiritual life. The fires of the old national Messianic hope, the hope that God would raise up a great deliverer, burned up fitfully from time to time and then died out in deeper darkness than ever. Outside the ecclesiastical class a materialistic and money-worshiping spirit was in the ascendent. The poor and the unfortunate had few to befriend them. The people were as sheep having no shepherd. Truly, the skies were dark.

Of all this the young Jesus grew gradually conscious. And as he came to understand it, the iron of it all entered deep into his soul. He pondered and prayed and pondered again. Was there no hope? Could he do nothing to help his stricken countrymen? At last the conviction arose in his mind, like the dawning of a morning light, and, as the months and years went on, it grew steadily clearer, that there was help for them, but that it did not lie in the direction in which they were looking; indeed, that it did not lie in any mere change of outward conditions, important as such changes might be. It lay in something deeper. It lay in themselves. It lay in God. If they could have heaven within their own souls, it would matter little that Rome had stolen their national scepter or that the exactions of the tax gatherers were heavy.

From those years of quiet communion with his own thoughts and with God, in the home, the workshop, the synagogue, and the fields, he had learned that heaven is trust and love; he who can feel that above the dark and troubled scenes of life there is a Divine Wisdom and Goodness directing all, has found a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Add to this the spirit of self-forgetting love, the love which sees all men as brothers, and the conditions of heaven are fulfilled. He who has these conditions within his own soul can defy all external things; he is superior to the pains and afflictions of earth.

This was Jesus' gospel. Summed up in a word it was: "Oh, suffering, sinning men, God is your Father; love and trust Him. You are all brothers; love one another."

The prophets before him had caught dim, far away glimpses of this gospel. But to Jesus it was given to see it clearly, full-orbed, and to realize its mighty regenerating, uplifting and saving power. More and more this gospel burned within his heart. More and more he longed to give it to his suffering, down-trodden countrymen, and to the world.

At last the conviction grew so strong that he could hesitate no longer; he must set out upon the mission of definitely preaching the gospel which he felt that God had given him.

He began in the villages of his own neighborhood in Galilee. Wherever he went, multitudes came to hear his gracious and inspiring words. Everywhere his message stirred the hearts of men, awakening in all classes new hope and desires for a better life. He went to the larger towns. He made circuit after circuit among the principal cities and villages of all northern Palestine. For a time all went well. But it was not long before trouble began.

I have said that the religion of the country had largely hardened into a lifeless formalism, administered by the ecclesiastical class. Those in authority are not pleased with the young and ardent reformer. His message to the people, "God is your father, you are all brothers," seems to them a dangerous doctrine. They begin to put obstacles in his path, to stir up popular prejudice against him, and to plot for his destruction. He sees it all and determines to go up to Jerusalem, the seat of ecclesiastical authority, and face his enemies in the very stronghold of their power. There the crisis soon arrives. He must either close his lips and abandon his mission or else he must pay the penalty, which will be arrest and trial, and probably death.

What does he do? He believes his Gospel to be truth, and truth of the highest possible importance to his countrymen and to the world. He would gladly save his life; yet what is life compared with duty and service, compared with obedience to the voice of God in his soul, compared with the salvation of men from selfishness, sorrow and sin? Perhaps if he dies for the truth he has to teach, his death may add impressiveness to his message. Thus if they will not let him preach it, he can at least give his life for it.

So, in the face of danger and death, he goes straight forward, turning neither to the right nor the left. The arrest comes; he does not falter. Sentence to the most cruel and ignominious of deaths—that by crucifixion and between two common malefactors—comes; still he does not falter. He dies for truth. He dies for duty. He dies for love. He dies to give

to the world his gospel: "Oh, suffering, sinning men, God is your Father; love and trust Him. You are all brothers; love one another." He sacrifices himself that others may be saved.

Can any one fail to see how tragic it all is, how heroic, how noble beyond words?

Do we wonder that it stirred his disciples and filled them with a passionate earnestness to give to the world the gospel for which their beloved master had lived and died? Do we wonder that such a death, crowning such a life, added an almost superhuman impressiveness to those teachings which before had been so winning and so powerful? Do we wonder that such a gospel, supplemented, re-enforced, set on fire by such a life and such a death, has spread, and still is spreading with resistless power up and down the earth?

Our Young People's Christian Union Convention

As Seen by the Associate Editor of the Leader

AT nine o'clock on a July night, after almost endless preliminaries, following a crowded day and for many of the audience a crowded week, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of New Yo.k got up in the meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church and held a church full of young people for fifty minutes on a serious and important subject. He is himself what he calls a number of others in the book which Doran is publishing, "A Living Master of the Pulpit." Here at the Young People's Convention, his flashing wit, his brilliant style, his noble moral enthusiasm, kept an audience of tired people up on the edge of their seats, awake, delighted and cheering.

And this is the man who is going about to American colleges North and South as a Universalist preacher. He thinks that there is no audience in the world so much worth while as an audience of young people, and he apparently brought forth his very best for these young people at Worcester.

His subject was "The Future in America." He began by quoting Lord Charr sworth, that "the story of America told with imagination is one of the most romantic in the history of the world." He went on to declare that "he is a strange American who can look back at the history of America and not see a hand greater than a human hand in it." His main proposition was that the things which have made us great in the past will make us great in the future. None of us are quite as certain about that future as we were. The war cracked our easy-going optimism. We will have to struggle for that future which we want. "America will not be great automatically. We must make it great."

What has made us great is not our marvelous wealth, not even our great intelligence, but our system of government. We have combined two things which are somewhat antagonistic, but must be held together—"a love of liberty, and a respect for law."

Both things are needed for the greatness of America in the future. Some of us who got back to America after the war found "a suffocating suppression." In London, a Hyde Park orator could say about what he chose. In New York one did not dare speak above a whisper. Freedom must be guarded in order to have a great America in the future. This does not mean ignoring the law as it stands. We have amended our constitution eighteen times. "Some people think once too often." But "we can not have a great America that is drunk. And the rest of the world can not afford forever to be drunk if America is sober."

Only 57 per cent of the people in the United States who have a right to vote, exercise that right. "How can we ever have a government of the people, by the people and for the people, if the people do not vote?"

America in the future must know nothing of race prejudice. "Nothing of the Slavic race in America, nothing of the Celtic, nothing of the Teutonic—America must know just the human race." America must know nothing of a sense of race superiority. We use the words sheeny, dago, nigger. "All are words of contempt. All are un-American. All are un-Christian."

Nor must we know anything of religious prejudice and bigotry. "Do we want to Ulsterize the United States?" America must put down organizations against Catholics or against any other religious group based on misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

This great America of the future will have religion. It is the thing which will make that America we want. What form it will take no one can say. "But there will be a synthesis, a drawing together, a better organization which will make our present organization look as if we had been playing with a toy religion." In that greater work, Universalists can have and ought to have an important part.

Dr. Newton is a great man. We have other great men and women and have had many in the past. But there is something here greater, more impressive, more inspiring, than any of them—these young people themselves.

On a hot night, when he might have been sitting on the porch of his seaside cottage, or sipping an iced drink in a cool roof garden, or pacing the deck of a beautiful yacht on one of the great lakes, Judge Galer, president of the Universalist General Convention, stood up and said to the Y. P. C. U. Convention: "I know of no place in the United States where I had rather be to-night than with this body of young people, representing the brains, the heart, and the courage of the Universalist Church of to-morrow."

This was not mere rhetoric. What the Judge saw was the big thing about the Worcester Convention, the big thing about any Church—youth with all of its hope and promise.

"To you," he went on, "will descend the tasks not only of the Universalist Church but of our society in general, when we of to-day have laid down the burdens we are bearing."

The Convention opened with an address of welcome where Vincent Tomlinson rose to new heights

of eloquence. Recognizing that about all that can be said on this subject has been said several times already, he and Mr. Leavitt marched a hundred young people of Worcester upon the platform, pointed to them as the people to whom to go for any service, indicated their distinctive badges, and led them in an inspiring welcome song. It was a refreshing speech. It was a fine exhibit.

What Mr. Taylor, the president, said filled in admirably: "A smile in the face and good cheer in the heart are prime factors of success."

The Rev. Fred C. Leining's keynote address will bear reading and study. I wish I had it to quote in full. He is an able and noble fellow.

"The keynote of my plea," he said, "is that you accept and perform bigger contracts for Jesus Christ. Sign up and make good in the new contracts of universal good will."

"Missions simply means that you believe your life ought to count for something. Belief in missions means that you have faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ and that you believe that this gospel ought to be at work everywhere in the world."

"If you do nothing but talk about universal brotherhood or do a little thimbleful of good deeds in a world full of need, you had better feed your body to the weeds and fishes in the sea of selfishness."

The National Director, Stanley Manning, told us the contributions to the Union had increased in the past four years from $3,200 to $3,800 to $4,600 to $5,200, roughly stated; that membership had dropped from 3,195 to 2,920, a loss of 200 to 300—but these figures do not represent much loss if any, as membership in some thirty new Unions is not yet counted in.

Still he insists that a campaign for members is the big task of the year ahead. I am certain that he is right.

With the general improvement in the condition of the Universalist Church as a whole, the young people's organization has a chance for growth such as it has not had for ten years.

Coming directly after the General Sunday School Association, one wonders whether we can not tie together these two bodies working at one task. Ought not this Young People's Convention to have a live conference on teacher training and another on Bible study as Dr. Newton's assistant suggested this week? Ought not the correlation of these two bodies to be made clear to all the members of both bodies, but especially to the young people?

One recognizes here also that an important change has taken place in the matter of having the young people run their own conventions. They are learning by doing. They are doing well. One sees also an influx of Juniors beginning to take part. But an important question the new board will have to consider is how can the young people go on making the organization young without making it juvenile, and crowding out the young men and women of twenty-five and thirty? The organization needs both real Seniors and real Juniors.

We are in the midst of an inspiring and helpful gathering.

J. V. S.

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Circus

THE daughter of Keturah spake unto me, saying, There is a circus in town. Wouldest thou like to borrow my two children to-morrow? And I said, Nay, but I will borrow them to-day.

So we went to the Great Show.

Now, in my youth the Price of Admission was the half of a shekel for an adult and the fourth part of a shekel for a child. But now it is much more than that. But in my youth I did not always have the fourth part of a shekel, but I was always among those present. And Elephants are great consumers of water.

Now we went, I and the children. And there were Three Rings and Two Platforms. And there never was a time when a Spectator might watch any one feat without feeling that he was missing something better.

Now, as nearly as I can remember, the modern show hath much more skilful feats than the shows of my boyhood; for I saw wonderful stunts. But I think the Modern Show is based upon an error in Psychology; for it showeth more than can be seen or remembered.

And both in a Show and in a Sermon the Art consisteth in Knowing what to Leave Out.

And when we were home, and the children were tired out, and I was weary also, I sought to learn what had interested them. And the great confusing feats had not impressed them. But they had seen a Trick Dog, and an Educated Horse, and a Pony named Topsy, which they knew was the name of the pony their mother had owned when she was a little girl.

And the elephants, of which there were twenty-three, had not impressed them greatly; whereas a show with one elephant had been great in my boyhood. But they were impressed by the Hippitopamus, as they called him. And they said, He looked like a Potato. Now, no grown person would have been clever enough to think of that; but as he lay there with two eyes in the small end of him, it was exactly what he looked like. And they noted the One Hippitopamus, and not the twenty-three elephants.

* * *

THE SOLUTION OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROBLEM

The young people of to-day are no different from the young people of other times. The material with which they deal has changed somewhat, but they themselves are the same. What they want and have always wanted is action. They are not willing to acquire in their teens the soberness and dignity of age. Scolding about such things as dresses and dancing, and the like, is very futile business and seldom works out good results. Give them something to do. The boys who sit on the curb-stone and say, "Gee, there is nothing in this town for a kid to do," are not young pagans; they are simply normal fellows, with their full share of animal spirits, who crave action. Why not give them action without attaching a moral to it? Nobody who is young enjoys doing things just because he ought to do them. He does them because they are good fun. Wherever a church or community has displaced a policy which is marked by a row of negatives with a policy of definite doings, there is to be found a church which has solved the problems which elsewhere are the vexation of parents and pastors.—*Baptist.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

GIVING AND GETTING

Let's come out of our doubts this precious day,
And into the light that fills
With hope and happiness the way
That leads to the shining hills;
Forgetting the narrowing, selfish things
That dwarf our lives; instead,
Entune our hearts to a voice that sings
Of the blue sky overhead.

Who strives for the brotherhood of men
Carries sunshine in his eyes
To glad their world, and times again
His own joy multiplies.
And we who the larger life would live
Must learn, if we mean to win,
It is when we open our hands to give,
Our blessings drop therein.

Nixon Waterman.

WALKS AND TALKS

Elsie K. Kartack

WE were in the garden one morning, shortly after my arrival, John, Mary, Bobby and I. Mother had gone away for a vacation. The garden was beautiful, and we were quietly enjoying all its loveliness when suddenly Mary cried, "Oh, there's an ugly old toad, I'm afraid of it!"

John and Bobby ran toward it in eager anticipation of destroying it.

"I hate toads," said John with a vengeance.

"I'll step on it," exclaimed Bobby at the same time.

I was just in time with my "Wait, Bobby. Why are you going to kill it?"

"Because I hate it," he answered.

"And why do you hate it?"

"It's ugly."

"Oh, is it? I don't think so. Let's take a better look at it. Why, see, it has beautiful jewels on its back, and look here at its gold-rimmed spectacles."

The children looked surprised.

"Suppose we sit down and watch it while I tell you all about it," I continued.

"Don't do that, you'll get warts." This from John as I reached out to stroke the toad.

"No, you won't," I replied. "Not any of the books that I have ever read about toads say that you get warts from stroking them. The toad likes it and he sometimes sings a song, just as a cat purrs when it is stroked. Do you see the pouch under his mouth? That swells as he sings. He cries too, when he is hurt. There are different kinds of toads. The tree toad becomes the color of the surface on which he finds himself so that people or animals can not see him."

"I wish I could do that when I'm playing hide-and-go-seek," said Mary.

"Well, you see the toad can do some things tha you can not do," I replied.

"Let's hear some more about it," exclaimed John breathlessly moving closer to the toad.

"The mother toad lays the eggs in the water anc covers them with a jelly for protection. After they are hatched, they are called tadpoles."

"Are those little black things that swim aroun in the water tadpoles?" interrupted Mary.

"Yes. They live in the water six weeks and ther they lose their tails, grow legs and swim to shore After that they live on land. When a toad wants a new suit he splits his old one up the back, pulls it off rolls it into a ball and swallows it and there he is in his new suit."

"Really?" the children all exclaimed at once.

"Yes, really," I replied, "and I have left the best for the last. The toad is one of our best helpers. He eats all the insects that would destroy our crops and flowers, so is very valuable to the farmer and gardener. If unharmed, he will live for years in our garden. There is one very old toad who spends his winters under my stone steps at home, and every spring I look eagerly for him to come out, and he has not disappointed me yet," I ended.

Mary moved nearer. "I don't believe I'm afraid of you any more, nice old Mr. Toad."

"Say, Bobby," said John, "let's be good to this toad and then he'll stay and maybe some day we'll see him change his coat. Anyway, we can take him into partnership in our garden work."—*National Kindergarten Association.*

* * *

THE BLESSINGS OF AGE

Every one who has passed middle life knows well enough what are the evils of age; there is no need of dwelling on them. But there are some compensations that may well be emphasized.

As we get older most of us shake off a certain amount of responsibility; and responsibility, although it often brings much happiness, is the greatest of human burdens. If we are fortunate, we get rid of responsibility even in our own private surroundings, shift the load to younger backs, which at any rate think themselves more fitted to bear it. Whether we are lucky in that respect or not, we can trouble ourselves less with the care and settlement of the world at large. The young seem to feel bound to solve all the problems of existence. Great questions of government, great questions of society, great questions of morals have to be decided, and young brains are apparently there to decide them: a terrible responsibility, though it must be admitted that the young often appear to accept the burden with exhilaration rather than with terror. Age evades those things, looks on with some doubt and some amusement while sweet-and-twenty ladens its sagging shoulders with the weary weight of all the thousand complexities of life.

For another blessing of age is humility. When we are young we think we know something. When we grow old we know that we know nothing, and that is all we know. And the recognition of ignorance carries with it a large and singular contentment. Youth thinks that it knows something and is restlessly eager to know more. Age accepts serenely the vast puzzle of life, letting it solve itself as it will with the hasty progress of the years.

And with humility goes tolerance, the ample admission that others have the right to live as they please and even to think

as they please, a liberty that youth is so unwilling to accord them. Nothing in age is lovelier than that sweet serenity which adapts itself to the vagaries of all sorts of different souls, with the free acknowledgment that God made them and knows what is best for them.

It is true that there is an old age that has none of those things, that is sour and hard and bitter with a rigidity unknown to the supple grace of youth. But the wise appreciate the privilege of years and profit by it even while they mourn some blessed limitations that can never come back.—*Youth's Companion.*

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JAZZ

They can not change the hills, though they may hew
Their fir-sweet slopes and cut their roadways through.
Yet will they stand, each long-loved mountain face,
And smile at me from their appointed place;
And past their friendly crests the sun shall rise
To paint new pictures on the morning skies—
They can not change the hills.

They can not still the winds, the winds that shake
The hemlock fragrance free, and sweep the lake.
The waves at dusk shall whisper to the shore
Their pebbled secrets as they did before;
The wild white clouds as in the days of old
Shall sink to rest in sunset seas of gold—
They can not still the winds.

They can not dim the stars; the crowding camps
That dot the dusk with closely clustered lamps,
The jazz, the laughter, and the shrill tin blare
Of phonographs, the motor headlights' flare—
These shall be stilled at last, the clamor cease,
And leave a fir-sweet world of wave-lapped peace—
They can not dim the stars.

Martha Haskell Clark, in Christian Endeavor World.

* * *

PROHIBITION

Now, lastly, there is one subject on which I wish to say a few words—Prohibition. No question is more discussed in America, or on the Atlantic liners. We hear that it is both a success and a failure. I am not going to attempt to pronounce judgment on an experiment so new, for over a vast area like the United States it is still very new—and which I had no opportunity of judging at first hand. I heard that the prohibition of alcohol was completely ineffective, that everybody was able to get as much as they wanted, and did get much more than they used to, because the moment you tell people they must not have a thing they will begin to want it. Also I was told that nobody could get alcohol, and therefore people were taking to drugs. I was also told that Prohibition was passed for very sordid reasons—that it was passed in order to secure greater efficiency, that money was behind it, that capitalists were interested because drunkenness makes for inefficient workmen and decreases production. I was told it was passed by an excited country in the middle of the war because they wanted more efficient soldiers. I was told all these things, and I had no opportunity of judging how far they were true, how far they were false. But I was told two facts on which every person I questioned agreed. One was that Prohibition was carried by an enormous majority, and the other was that there is no possibility of its being repealed. You can draw your own conclusions from that.

I do want to protest against the ill-conditioned and ill-timed jests that English people perpetually make about Prohibition, and by which serious-minded Americans are justly and deeply wounded. For the American people, enormously wealthy and practically without danger from the rest of the world, voluntarily to deny themselves what has been the characteristic vice of the white peoples, whether they have proceeded about it in a wise way or not, is something rather heroic. I do not know whether America could have proceeded in a wiser way or whether Prohibition is the best way to attain the end in view—Americans have a rather touching faith in legislation—but when I consider the possibilities of luxury, the wealth and the absence of any real dangers, I confess I could not deny the splendor of the scale on which this great adventure, this great experiment, is being made, and it galled me to see English people perpetually indulging a sense of humor on the subject. I do not think drink is funny in the least; I have no sense of humor about it myself, perhaps because I am a woman—for women and children suffer most from the effects of drink—but this silly, exasperating kind of joke about Prohibition I do beg you all to protest against and refrain from. It may not be a success, but if it is not a success it will be largely because over the vast frontier of five thousand miles which divides the United States from the British Empire it is so terribly easy to smuggle alcohol—but that does not make one feel any prouder of the British Empire. But if it is a success, have we any right to sneer when we are told that Americans passed Prohibition in order to become more efficient in every way? During a war which was declared to be a war of ideals and which in the end became to a large extent to many European countries a war for national existence, a nation that at such a time persisted in using 425,000 tons of sugar or its equivalent in making beer when not only adults but children were definitely suffering from lack of sugar—such a country can hardly despise America because she gave up alcohol. During the war 3,750,000 tons of malt and corn—food stuffs—were used to make alcoholic drinks, and 180,000 tons of rice and maize. I believe it is an uneasy conscience that makes English people laugh at Prohibition, because during four years of war we could not refrain from using valuable food for the production of beer. If Prohibition is a failure it will be a mournful failure. Who would not wish it to be a success? If it is a success—and I say it with an undying love and admiration for my own country—I believe that the United States, having found a way to unite the initiative, the courage, and the optimism of the West with the abstinence and the self-discipline of the East, will become the greatest nation in the world.—*Maude Royden, in an address delivered in England after her visit to the United States.*

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A COMMUNITY COW

The Church-by-the-Side-of-the-Road in Greensboro, N. C., has a community cow, rented out at one dollar a week to families in the congregation who can not afford to buy cows. The proceeds are being saved to buy other cows so that eventually there may be a community herd. The community cow was first placed with a family of six children. A. W. McAlister, one of the founders of the Church-by-the-Side-of-the-Road, writes, "You should see how these children are blossoming forth. You can see the bloom in their cheeks, and the scales have a story to tell also. At least once a week our community nurse looks in on the community cow to see how she is and how she is being treated."

At the reception to the delegates to the recent North Carolina Conference for Social Welfare held at this church the minister told about the cow. Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, one of the delegates, jumped up after he had finished speaking. "I have heard about the milk of human kindness," she cried, "but I didn't know that this church owned the cow that gives it."—*Survey.*

* * *

HE PROBABLY GOT HIS WISH

Tommy, though very young,—he is only four,—has a precocious appreciation of the pleasures of the table. His sister, who is a few years older, has recently been suffering from one of the common maladies of childhood, and as she became convalescent Tommy frequently observed the most tempting delicacies being carried into the sick room, from which he was still excluded. He decided to put in a word for himself. The next time he saw his mother bearing a tray of especially appetizing food to the invalid's door he made his plea.

"Mother," he said, "may I have the measles when Violet's finished with them?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

The House of Adventure. By Warwick Deeping. $2.00.

Paul Brent, in order to escape from a sad past, exchanges identity disks with his comrade who is killed by his side, and is taken prisoner as T. Beckett. After the war he goes to Beaucourt, where he has seen Manon Latour bury her treasures before the advance of "le Boche," and finds the Cafe de la Victoire a ghost of itself and the village desolate. Being by occupation a builder, he views the little cafe with critical eyes and says "Here's my new billet."

From army huts and many ruined places he salvages building material and tins of food, and sets to work. Soon Manon returns, and these two valiant souls, with M. Durand and the good priest, Marcel Lefebre, are the mainspring of Beaucourt's reconstruction, in which everybody joins wholeheartedly save the rival innkeeper, Louis Blanc, known as Bibi, who covets Manon and her house. Truly a beautiful adventure of bravery and community spirit, which is crowned with praise from Clemenceau himself.

Through the Shadows. By Cecil Alington. $1.75.

This is not a book of sympathy for the sorrowing, as its title might mislead us to think,—the English name is Strained Relations,—but a clever comedy of a house-party where almost everybody is some one else!

You see, Sir Richard Atherton is giving the party in honor of Diana Branson, a charming American girl, whose mother is kind and possesses wonderful jewels,—"the pigs of Chicago must feel that they have not died in vain,"—but a pussyfoot and greatly taken up with spiritualism and thought-reading. Captain England obligingly impersonates the mythical Professor Lapski she is anxious to meet, then Lady Mary Summers, a cousin, poses as Mrs. Howard, Sir Richard's sister, whose small son inconveniently acquires measles, Peter Ranby is driven by circumstances to play Paul, his clerical twin brother, and even Uncle Bob Walton finds himself compelled to make misstatements.

But all's well that ends well, and meantime we laugh.

Da Silva's Widow and Other Stories. By Lucas Malet. $2.00.

A very dramatic group, each of which presents a problem. Da Silva's Widow tells us of a new sorrow, a sympathetic letter, a journey—and black facts; Boy's Love, of a solitary walking trip, an unexpected meeting; The Higher Education of Mr. Besley Wright, of a vacation from municipal duties, Edgington villa and department stores; The Privet Hedge, of two women, each thinking herself the object of Julian's love; The Birth of a Masterpiece, of Heber Pogson's devoted satellites; Julia's Marriage, of a war tragedy that ended in contentment; On the Boat Deck, of an eleventh-hour encounter, advice and change of plan; How They Met Again, of a late naval success; The Pill-Box, of the elimination of an undesirable, and a friendly confidence.

My Discovery of England. By Stephen Leacock. $1.50.

Our Canadian cousin, who expounds Pol. Econ. at McGill and "practises humor by way of recreation," felt that reciprocity demanded the collection of impressions in England to offset the volumes gathered here by visiting Britons.

Accordingly he organized an expedition—at his own expense, by special arrangement with the Geographical Societies—to his native land, which he left at the age of eight, having "decided to go with" his parents, and which had received his books with open arms.

The chapter-titles are: Impressions of London; Being Interviewed by the Press; A Clear View of Government; Oxford as I See It; The British and the American Press; Business in England; Is Prohibition Coming to England; "We Have with Us To-night," and Have the English Any Sense of Humor?

Secret Diplomacy. By Paul S. Reinsch. Price $2.00.

Secret diplomacy, according to Mr. Reinsch, is nothing more or less than the art of producing war. Its object on either side is so to arrange events that when war comes it shall appear to have been provoked by the enemy. In the last war the Entente was successful; Germany failed in achieving this purpose, though the real reason for that war was, and for every other war has been, territories and markets.

Mr. Reinsch admits the dangers which would inevitably beset the adoption of a policy of open diplomacy. He recognizes how difficult it would be to get real openness and that this openness might be abused by parliament and press in wrongly influencing peoples too readily susceptible to propaganda. Yet even so, to him, open diplomacy is infinitely better than secret diplomacy, the breeder of war. In it at least there is a chance for salvation, and our only hope is to give it a trial.

Gorgo, a Romance of Old Athens. By Charles Kelsey Gaines. Price. $1.50.

Practically every alumnus of St. Lawrence University has, at some time during his or her college career, sat in the classroom of Dr. Charles Kelsey Gaines, professor of Greek and English, and to all his students it is a well-known fact that he loved each subject he taught. "Gorgo, a Romance of Old Athens," is a great story for the same reason—because its author knew his subject and loved it. Lord Bryc pronounced "Gorgo" one of the best hi torical novels ever written, perhaps th best. Published about twenty years ag the book had a wide circulation, but ur fortunately, just as its sale was gatherin remarkable momentum for the work of hitherto unknown writer, the publisher of the book, the Lothrop Publishing Com pany, went into bankruptcy, and, althoug the book has had a continuous sale, at n time since was it again possible to re publish it.

It remained for Kenyon College, a Gambier, Ohio, to bring "Gorgo" onc more before the public eye, and the fol lowing announcement, transmitted to th heads of the English departments of col leges and universities of the United State and Canada, is indeed a rare tribute to it greatness:

"To promote the better knowledge o one of the rarest achievements of Americar literature, Kenyon College offers a priz of one hundred dollars for the best essay or Gorgo, a Romance of Old Athens, by Charles Kelsey Gaines, written by a student of any college or university in the United States or Canada. Each contestant must submit through the head of the English department of his own institution, three typewritten copies of his essay, which must not be more than four thousand words in length and must reach the address, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, not later than Dec. 1, 1922. The judges of this contest are: Dr. Talcott Williams, Columbia University. Dr. William Stearns Davis, University of Minnesota. Dr. Lacy Lockert, Kenyon College, Chairman."

The Wild Heart. By Emma Lindsay Squier. Illustrated. $2.00.

Once in a blue moon the tired book-taster finds something different. This belongs in that small but precious class, and its light is not put out by being hidden under the bushel of a wretched de-format.

The author and her brother grew up on the shore of Puget Sound, and grew into deep fellowship with birds and animals, whose trusted friends they were; and they were fortunate in their parents, who understood.

So we read of Skygak, the old man seagull; U-Chu-ka, the jack rabbit; Leonard the deer, who found sanctuary with them; the Fairy Night and what they saw; Henry the heron and Cannon the rooster, son of Liberty; Alfred the seal, a thief that played ball; O. Henry the quail baby and Clarence the gray gander; Timothy the bear, a lover of ginger ale; Hector the chicken-hawk and Lazarus the pet chicken with a crowded career; also Princess the tigress and Ethel the lioness, two "adventures in captivity" after "Sister" is grown up and of the press.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

NEWS FROM NORTHFIELD

The nineteenth session of the Northfield Summer Conference for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies has just drawn to a close, and to the Universalist women and girls present it stood for one of the most inspiring and uplifting experiences of their lives.

Further accounts will appear through the coming issues of the *Leader*, but we report to-day a meeting which should be of special interest to our denomination.

Our Rally There

Among the outstanding meetings of the Northfield Foreign Missionary Conference were the denominational rallies, scheduled for Saturday afternoon, July 15. To the Universalists present the event this year was an especially happy one, owing to the fact that Miss Bernice Kent, our youngest missionary, was with us.

Instead of remaining indoors, as planned, the meeting was held a short distance from Camp Murray on a hilltop, out under the trees. It was a beautiful afternoon and the inspiration from God's out-of-doors gave to each person present such a feeling of spiritual uplift that the meeting will long be remembered.

Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, president of the W. N. M. A., presided. Mrs. O. F. Alvord of Bristol, N. Y., conducted the opening devotional service. There were fifty Universalists present to join in the singing, which was followed by scripture reading and prayer by Mrs. Alvord. Mrs. Allen then introduced as the first speaker Mrs. J. E. Tweedy of North Attleboro, Mass., a member of the Clara Barton Memorial Committee.

Mrs. Tweedy told of the location of the birthplace and urged all to visit this shrine when in that vicinity. She gave an excellent description of the house and the appropriate furnishings with which the committee have endeavored to equip it. The majority of these have come through the generosity of interested people, and additional gifts were announced from different parts of the country.

Miss Susan M. Andrews was introduced as the next speaker. As field secretary she told of her recent trip covering thirteen weeks, during which time she visited many of our Universalist homes and churches throughout Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Pennsylvania. She spoke also of the Clara Barton Guilds and of the splendid spirit which this organization is creating among the younger women.

Mrs. Allen then called upon Miss Rena Bradley, leader of Camp Murray, who reported that the Camp was the largest it had been since 1918. This year there were thirty-two members, representing fourteen Universalist churches in four different states. She spoke of the life at Northfield, what it means to the girls; of the inspiration gained for the future and of the lasting friendships formed. Mention was made of Charlotte Ayres, Matsu Koyama and Hazel Kirk, and of what Northfield had meant to them.

Greetings from seven states were brought by the following women: Mrs. Julia Marley of Gardiner for Maine, Mrs. W. D. Phelps of Springfield for Massachusetts, Mrs. Norae McCreedy of Cleveland for Ohio, Mrs. Janet H. Blackford of Bridgeport for Connecticut, Miss Helen Bunker of Concord for New Hampshire, Miss Florence G. Bullock of Woonsocket for Rhode Island.

Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary, mission study chairman of the W. N. M. A., spoke of the study books for the year, and closed her remarks by reciting a beautiful poem filled with the atmosphere of India and illustrating the great fortitude of the women.

The last and most impressive part of the meeting came when Miss Bernice Kent was introduced as our student volunteer missionary, who will sail Aug. 24 to take up work as a kindergarten teacher in the Midori Kindergarten, Tokyo, Japan.

Never will those present forget the beautiful service which Mrs. Cary conducted in giving the charge to Miss Kent, nor the sweet and consecrated responses of our new little missionary. The closing hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord," was a fitting benediction to a meeting of dedication to the service of our Master.

Florence G. Bullock.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THE HONOR LIST GROWS

We hope that Miss Charlotte Schaedel, of Malden, will be, not discouraged, but encouraged, when she finds that her record of seven years of perfect attendance at Sunday school has been surpassed in several cases.

We add to our honor list the name of Miss Addie L. Ryder, of Lynn, Mass., who has just completed *seventeen* years of Sunday school life with no absences. An intimate friend testifies that Miss Ryder is not only faithful to her church, but *loves* it.

Mr. Ralph Barrett, of Newtonville, Mass., and his sister, Miss Aldyth Barrett, have been perfect in attendance for fifteen years. A younger sister, Miss Freda Barrett, has missed no session in ten years. It is easy to write these records and easy to read them; but it is not easy to make them. The story of devotion and sacrifice on the part of these young people and on the part of the parents, who encouraged them to persist, is thrilling and inspiring.

Please send in the names of all persons who have been perfect in attendance for five years or more. Several have been mentioned to us in conversation but we must have the records in black and white.

* *

NOW IT'S SALEM

We extend congratulations to Charles Copeland and Frank LaBorde, of Salem, Mass., each of whom has a record of five years of perfect attendance at Sunday school.

And even more strongly do we felicitate Mrs. Martha Baker of the same city, who has had no absence in seven years and only two in ten years.

How is it that Massachusetts seems to be monopolizing our honor list? We know perfectly well that there are many scholars in other states who have five or more years to their credit. Speak up, Illinois. Speak up, Maine.

* *

THE NEW YORK POSTER

The New York State Association has done a fine thing in issuing an artistic poster, 14 by 23 inches, attractively printed in blue and red. The three questions often asked about the Association, "What It Is?" "Why It Is?" "and When It Is?" are answered in clear, breezy phrases. A list of officers, with their addresses, is given, and another of the nine departmental superintendents. These handsome posters, hung on the walls of all the schools, are certain to produce large results in the Empire State. We have asked President Sparre to supply samples for the officers in all our State Associations.

* *

COMRADES OF THE QUIET HOUR

The Quiet Hour gives us the opportunity of living with the Sunday school lesson every day in the week. It also gives us a little period of leisure in which to consider the needs of the young people given into our keeping, and to bring those needs to the Father in prayer. The teacher who so prepares herself during the week meets her class in a very different spirit on Sunday from that of the teacher who hastily prepares the lesson a few hours before it must be used.

It would seem that no Sunday school teacher could fail to enroll in this daily school of preparation when the matter is presented to her. This is the form of enrollment:

"Trusting in the Lord for help, I hereby signify my intention to give a portion of each day to Bible Study and prayer."

Beulah S. Cone.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 6. Morning, Nottingham, N. H.

Aug. 18. Plymouth, Mass.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

Sept. 5. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Springfield.

Sept. 11-16. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Chicago.

* *

WHAT LIES AHEAD

A Part of the Director's Third Annual Report

Last year at Chicago we were told in the Keynote Address to "keep on keeping on." This the Union had done, and must always do. Our work as a whole has been done better this year than it was done last. Next year we must do it still better, which will call for increased seriousness of purpose and increased devotion to Christ and his Church. We must do more work as well as better. We must gain more members and organize more new Unions. We must have better devotional meetings, more and better state and district rallies and institutes. We must give and expend more money for the extension of the Kingdom of God, in this country and abroad. We must keep more faithfully the Quiet Hour, and more of us must do so, for it is from God that there comes to us the power to do our work. We must recognize our stewardship, and persuade others to do so, and make the League of Christian Stewards as potent an influence for good among us as the Comradeship of the Quiet Hour has become in its seven years' history.

But just to keep on, even though we do more and better work, is not enough. We must keep ever before us the big task that lies ahead. These are days of stress in the religious, as in the economic and social, life of our time. The problems of the day are never going to be solved except on the basis of applied Christianity. The fundamentalists will not admit it, but the hope of Christianity to-day lies in the Liberal Churches. That does not mean simply those of the so-called Liberal denominations, ours among the rest. It means all the churches of whatever name that are truly liberal in their thinking, in feeling, in giving, in serving, in praying. A part of our big task, to whom is committed the responsibility for building and being the Church of to-morrow, is to make ours a Liberal Church, and an efficient one. But not for itself. We must make ours a Church as liberal in its gifts and service and prayer as it is in its theology, to the end that God's great Kingdom may come on earth. That is our task.

Consequently, ours is a serious business. We are here in Convention assembled with a serious purpose. Throughout the year, and the years, ours will be a serious business. Let us never forget that a moment.

We are going to have glorious good times in doing it, but the good time is not what we are after. That is a by-product, incidental to the main business in hand.

We are organized to secure for ourselves and to help others to secure for themselves training and experience in real Christian living and working, and to use these in the service of Christ and his Church.

May God lead us in this way, and bless us as we shall endeavor to live and to work for Him.

* *

SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD

Paraphrasing Jonathan Edwards' famous sermon, Prof. Walter S. Athearn, last night at the Sunday School Convention, said that Dr. Huntley and his co-workers in the General Sunday School Association doubtless would like to hold the members of church boards, local and denominational, who refuse to recognize the primacy of religious education in the program of building up the Church, suspended by a single hair over the yawning mouth of an endless hell of fire and brimstone until they changed their minds or the hair broke. And he was applauded, and there were "Amens" from a perfectly good Universalist audience. One can not easily imagine the kindly figure of "Everybody's Uncle George" in such a position, sorrowful as he and every one else who realizes that the Church of to-morrow must be built out of the children and young people of to-day must be when they see how little is spent on this kind of work compared with the immense need.

Speaking earlier in the evening, Dr. Tomlinson, who brought the greetings of the General Convention, said that he did not believe there was more general approval of any of the appropriations made from the drive funds than of those made to the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union. Of course everybody at the Convention agreed with him.

The value of this Convention of the Sunday schools, and of the gathering of the young people, premonitions of whose size and enthusiasm can be felt on every hand, will be demonstration of the wisdom of these investments.

Stanley Manning,

Worcester, Mass., July 19, 1922.

For the Quiet Hour

Lighthouses are not set in midocean. They are not needed there, but near shore where rocks lift their menace. Comparatively few ships founder. Far greater the tale of those that dash themselves to pieces where the sea floor slopes upward toward shore. Lights are lit near the coast; beacons near the close of the voyage. Perhaps that is the chief business of the church in redemption. The purpose of amendment is mysteriously born—like the prodigal's in the far country. No human instrumentality had part in his redemption until the penitent vagabond was nearly home. Sometimes I think that God could dispense with many other phases of our partnership with Him in redemption, if He could be sure cf our being on hand to speak the bracing, timely word just as the returning wanderer's feet begin to falter within sight and sound of the Father's house.

George Clarke Peck.

Happiness must be tricked. She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found not in palaces, but lurking in cornfields and factories, or hovering over littered desks; she crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you look up suddenly from hard work you will see her, but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away. . . . Human happiness is the true order of growth, the sweet exhalation of work, and the seed of human immortality born secretly within the coarse and mortal husk. So many of us crave the odor without cultivating the early growth from which it proceeds; so many, wasting mortality, expect immortality!

David Grayson.

There are two kinds of bravery—one which comes from the recollection of self, the other which comes from the forgetfulness of self. Only when a man seizes the idea and meaning of some cause, and in the love and inspiration of that is able to forget himself and go to danger fearlessly because of his great desire and enthusiasm—only then is bravery heroic. Ideality, magnanimity and bravery are what make the heroes. These are what glorify certain lives that stand through history as the lights and beacons of mankind. It is true, indeed, that Christianity is itself heroic life. All that there is in human living becomes magnified and glorified to its best when it is put under the leadership of Christ.

Phillips Brooks.

The week-day side of our life has a great deal more to do with our spiritual life, with the building of our character, with our growth in grace, than many of us think. Some people seem to imagine that there is no moral or spiritual quality whatever in life's common task-work. On the other hand, no day can be made beautiful whose secular side is not as full and complete as its religious side.

J. R. Miller.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

July 28-Aug. 7. Southern Universalist Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

July 31-Aug. 5. G. S. S. A. Institute, Ferry Beach.

Aug. 1. Ferry Beach Fair.

Aug. 7-13. Missionary Institute at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 12-13. National Universalist Comrades Days, Ferry Beach Park, Me.

Aug. 13-27. Vacation period at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 17. Annual Meeting, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18. Fair, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18, 19, 20. Universalist Institute and Reunion with Field Day, Plymouth, Mass.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute, Murray Grove.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A., Y. P. C. U. Institutes, Murray Grove.

Sept. 4-7. Vermont and Province of Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,651
Elgin, Texas	16
Pleasant Valley, Ind.	6
West Gloucester, Mass.	4
Total	1,672

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 682. Waterloo, Iowa, 3. Galveston, Ind., 5. Pleasant Valley, Ind., 3. Salem, Ind., 2. Providence, Mediator, 4. Total 699.

PERSONAL

Rev. L. Griswold Williams of Reading, Pa., sailed Tuesday, July 18, on the *Mauretania* for Europe. He will spend the summer traveling in France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, stopping for the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

California

Pasadena.—Rev. Carl F. Henry, pastor. We are "carrying on" and getting on here in this church. We have permitted ourselves no post-Easter lassitude or disintegration, and all activities continued "on high" until the closing of the public schools, after which we were compelled to note a difference. Many of our people are at the beaches, some in the mountains, and not a few back East visiting friends. Dr. Canfield, now in his ninety-fifth year, preached at a recent Sunday service and gave us a fresh, wholesome, and inspiring sermon. Mr. C. Clare Blauvelt is back with us after four years at St. Lawrence, where he received his A. B. last month. He modestly wears a *Phi Beta Kappa* key. In September he will return for two years in the theological school, after which some church is going to be exceptionally fortunate in having him for its pastor. The construction of the new church goes forward satisfactorily under the capable and devoted direction of Mr. H. M. Gragg and Mr. H. H. Gates. The corner-stone was laid July 9. As so many of our people are out of town, we expected only a small company, but were delighted by the presence of a large assembly. Ex-Governor H. H. Markham, an early associate of "Father" Throop, honored us with his attendance and an appropriate speech. Miss Jennie Conger, daughter of the late Dr. E. L. Conger, and Mr. M. E. Wood, a Pasadena pioneer, gave memories of Dr. Conger, to whom, with "Father" Throop, the church is indebted for its existence. The stone was laid by Mr. Hiram W. Wadsworth, a Harvard man, and chairman of the Board of City Directors. It was a happy day for us all. Come out and spend next winter in sunny California and we'll show you a beautiful church in which to worship and thank God for His blessings—not least of which is life in Pasadena.

Iowa

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto S. Raspe, pastor. Children's Sunday was a happy occasion in this church. The Sabbath school attended the morning service in a body. The choir, which is made up of the young women of the Clara Barton Guild, sang several appropriate selections. Songs and recitations by the children of the school were followed by a sermonette by the pastor on "What and Where Is the Kingdom of God?" Three children were dedicated. A church and Sabbath school picnic was held recently at Byrans Park, one of the attractive resorts of the city. A quarterly business meeting showed all bills paid and the treasury in a good financial condition. It was voted to give the pastor a six weeks' vacation, during which time the church will be closed. At a meeting of the Ladies' Social Union, at the home of Mrs. Raspe, the society had the pleasure of having as its guest Dr. Effie McCollum Jones, who for twelve years was pastor of this church.

Massachusetts

West Gloucester.—Rev. W. H. Rider, D. D., pastor. June 25 was observed as Children's Sunday. The services were conducted by Dr. Rider. Twenty children were christened and four new members were added to the church. A concert was given in the evening under the direction of the assistant superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Garland. A pleasing feature of the evening was the payment of the last installment on the piano recently purchased for the use of the Sunday school. Union services of the Universalist and Congregational societies during the month of July.

Minnesota

Minneapolis, Redeemer.—Rev. M. D. Shutter, D. D., pastor. The semi-annual report shows another six months of progress and activity. Dr. Shutter, with the support of his able assistants, has accomplished a remarkable record of achievement. Some idea of the work carried on by Miss Hughes at the church office, besides her purely secretarial duties, is given by the following statistics: For the annual meeting in January 300 invitations were sent out; during the "Fill-the-Pews" Campaign four different letters and cards were sent to a mailing list of 400 each week; at Easter 450 announcements and 1,000 Easter letters were distributed; 400 Children's Day letters were mailed, and 250 summer service announcements sent out. In addition to this a Sunday school bulletin is printed each week and sent to a mailing list of 900. Under the efficient and faithful direction of the assistant pastor, Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon, the work of the church school and the Y. P. C. U. has gone rapidly forward. The sympathy of the entire parish went out to Mr. Reamon at the death of his father, early in March. More and more the church is coming to be used not only for church services and worship but as a real community center. Thousands have attended the moving pictures given in the church. At these performances care has been taken to preserve the religious atmosphere and to select pictures of highest order. A brief address is given and tracts and literature distributed. Because of its central location the Boy Scouts of the city have held their meetings at the Church of the Redeemer. Twice a month the D. A. R. meet in the lecture hall. The Buchanan Class for Bible study, which has a membership of 150 women, also meets there each month. Plays have been given by the Authors' Study Club, and two benefits were staged by the Olympian Players, the proceeds of which were donated to the Bethany Home. Unity House has also had an active six months, as evidenced by the attendance figures submitted in this report. The total attendance at the Boys' Gymnasium Classes, for example, was 6,306; at the Girls' Gymnasium Classes, 2,162; at the Women's and Girls' Clubs and Classes, 6,560; and at the Men's and Boys' Clubs and Classes, 4,190. Unity

House is accomplishing a real work of human service in the great city of the Mid-West where it is located.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. The past two months have been busy. On May 12, the Men's Club presented its third annual minstrel show. The performance was the biggest and best ever undertaken, drawing an audience that completely filled the vestry. The profits amounted to $150. In that it seeks to serve the church in every way, the Men's Club is a most invaluable asset to the parish. On June 6, the Y. P. C. U. presented the comedy, "Mr. Bob." The performance was a notable success. The fourth Annual Outing of the Men's Club was held at the Hummocks, June 9. It was a day of sports and an unforgettable shore-dinner. Interest centered in the baseball game between teams captained by T. Torrolf Hall and Mr. Leining. The victory went to the Hall nine. Dr. John Smith Lowe was catcher on the losing side. Children's Day exercises attracted a large congregation. The Sunday school presented a good program. Four children were christened, one of them being Jane Barrows Leining, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leining. Dr. Lowe performed the christening ceremony. Thirty from this church attended the flag day exercises at the Clara Barton Home. On June 21 the long awaited New Church Night came. Just at the time of the announcement of the Million Dollar Campaign, this church was planning to conduct the campaign for the raising of funds for a new edifice. Somewhat over $7,400 was pledged to the General Convention treasury, and now as the final months for the payment of these pledges had arrived, it was the opportune time to start the local campaign for the new church. A parish supper was served by the Ladies' Sewing Society. The speakers of the evening were Mr. Fred C. Carr, Miss Olive M. Foye and the pastor. A splendid response was made to this first appeal for pledges. We are planning to start building next spring. The church will observe the usual vacation period, opening on the second Sunday of September. The pastor and his family will spend their vacation at their summer home in West Brattleboro, Vt.

* *

NEWS FROM IOWA

The State Convention, held at the Osage church, did that organization much good. Rev. A. W. Altenbern is a splendid pastor. His work is much appreciated, and recently he was voted an increase in salary.

Webster City is still anxious to find a good pastor and preacher. A fine salary is offered, and the church has an excellent constituency. The society is entirely out of debt, and the church building has been put in good repair.

The church at Boone, where Rev. Gustave Zastrow has been chosen pastor, is closed for the summer. Mr. Zastrow is now in St. Louis but will come with his family to Boone the latter part of August, when renewed activities will take place in Sunday school and church. The ladies are keeping on with their meetings even during vacation. By the death of Mr. Nordstrom, the church has lost a valued member.

The Mount Pleasant Church, which has the honor of having in its membership Judge R. S. Galer and Mrs. Galer, is also having a vacation. The church is repaired and in good condition for future work.

Successful union services are being held during July and August at Mitchellville. On Sunday, July 23, the church was closed, Rev. and Mrs. O. G. Colegrove being in Morrison, Ill. Missionaries from Oklahoma among the Osage Indians at Homing visited the church on July 14, when an interesting meeting was held.

O. G. Colegrove.

* *

IN MEMORY OF DR. POWERS

A tablet "in loving memory of Levi Moore Powers," placed in the Independent Christian Church of Gloucester, was unveiled Sunday, July 16, with appropriate services. The tablet was unveiled by Master Frank Chatterton, who during the pastorate of Dr. Powers did not once miss attending church or Sunday school. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Dr. Lee, the pastor, and the principal address was given by Rev. A. A. Madsen, Ph. D., pastor of Trinity Congregational Church of Gloucester. The inscription on the tablet was written by Dr. John Coleman Adams.

* *

APPRECIATION

Universalist Publishing House,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We received your shipment of books and pins in good season, and are very grateful for the prompt and efficient manner in which you filled the order. The bills will be turned over to the treasurer and a check sent at once.

Very truly yours,
Charles M. Clark.

Gloucester, Mass.

This order was for miscellaneous books, Bibles, and pins as awards for attendance, and was in part a matter of selection.

* *

HONORING DR. ADAMS

The Board of Trustees of the Connecticut Universalist Convention held a special meeting on Tuesday, July 11, and adopted resolutions expressing their appreciation of the life and work of Dr. John Coleman Adams and their sense of loss in his death. "Dignified, with a dignity that was gracious and unassuming, cultured, with a culture that inspired others to higher thoughts and higher ideals, cheerful, with a cheerfuless that warmed the heart and lightened the life of every one fortunate enough to have met him," Dr. Adams, says the resolution, "served in our mic with a devotion and a charm which w the esteem and high regard of all."

* *

Notices

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Fellowship Committee of the Maine U versalist Convention has accepted the transfer Rev. H. D. Maxwell of Monmouth and Rev. M. Ward of Guilford, both from Massachusetts.

Allen Brown, Secretary

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SECOND ANNUAL COMRADES' DAY

Ferry Beach, Aug. 12 and 13

Aug. 12, 10 a. m. Symposium. Ten minute ta by each speaker. "Comrades' Organization, What Is and Why," Ralph W. E. Hunt, Maine. "L Preaching and Laymen's Sunday," Robert L. Whi comb, Maine. "Comrades and the Sunday School E. Randolph Commee, Maine. "Providence 1923 E. S. Burlingham, Rhode Island.

6 p. m. Song Fest on the Beach or in the Grov 7. Comrades Banquet in the dining hall. Toas master, E. Randolph Commee. "A Little Misce laneous Chatter," Hon. Olin H. Chase, New Hamp shire. "Masters of the Situation," Rev. Roderick Mooney, D. D., Maine. "The Gospel of the Gla Hand," Robert L. Whitcomb, Maine.

Aug. 13, 6 a. m. Sunlight Service (in the Grove Ralph W. E. Hunt. 10.30 Devotional Exercises Fred C. Carr, Rhode Island. "A Man's Place i the Sunday School," Carl Hempel, Massachusett "The Present Need of a Universalist Church," Rev Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., Massachusetts.

7.30 p. m. Devotional Exercises, William F Thomson, Massachusetts. "Comrades of the Chris Crusade," Ralph W. E. Hunt, Maine. "The Risin Tide of Service," Rev. Richard McLaughlin, Massa chusetts.

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SUMMER SERVICES

Sunday services will be held during the month of July and August in Greater Boston Universalist Churches as follows:

August 13, 20, 27. Waltham, 10.30 a. m.

George E. Leighton, Superintendent.

* *

FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE VERMONT AND QUEBEC

July 10. Transfer of Rev. George W. Scudder from Massachusetts accepted.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established r Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand ollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited. The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or equeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money ill be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. GEORGE E. LEIGHTON, *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.,*
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Crackling

It is understood that the mandate for Williamson County, Illinois, has been offered to Turkey.—*Philadelphia North American.*

* *

The new law that a married woman shall be "deemed to reside where she dwells" sounds plausible.—*Boston Herald.*

* *

"That actress looks at least ninety. Do have a look at her through my opera-glasses."

"I can't—I have forgotten to put on my rings."—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

* *

The politician rushed past the official Cerberus in the editorial sanctum. "What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's *Clamor?*"

"Just a minute," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us—namely, that you had resigned as city treasurer?"

"It did," admitted the politician. "But you put it under the head, 'Public Improvements.' "—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

* *

A Yankee farmer, who had married a widow worth ten thousand dollars, was receiving congratulations.

"Well, Seth," remarked a neighbor, "I hear you are ten thousand dollars to the good."

"Not quite that," replied the farmer mournfully. "Not quite that. Ye see, it cost two dollars for the license."—*Forecast.*

* *

A little girl in Southern California was having her first glimpse of snow in the recent phenomenal blizzard near Los Angeles. "Oh, mother, what is it—what is it?" she shouted excitedly.

"Why, that is *snow*, Peggy. Whatever did you think it was?"

"Snow! Why, it looks like *popped rain!*"—*Life.*

* *

"Are you going any farther West?"

"I planned to," said the foreign visitor. "Is there any danger from Indians?"

"Not if you keep out of the way of their motor cars."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

* *

An epitaph on a tombstone in the cemetery at Middlebury, Vermont, reads, as copied by one of our subscribers:

Faithful husband, thou art at rest—
until we meet again.

Another subscriber quotes this:

Dear husband do not weep: I am not dead,
But in an everlasting sleep.
In slumber sweet beneath this peaceful shrine
Sleep lovely wife until thy lot be mine.
I'll come when called to cross proud Jordan's tide
And soundly sleep as usual by thy side.

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